The Fortunate Miller's

GARLAND,

Beautified with Three excellent

NEW SONGS.

1. The Fortunate Miller
2. The Miller's Rant, for his new well-lined Breeches: Or his Reply.
3. The Miller's wanton Wife.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

The Fortunate Miller.

NEAR Cannon-mills the liv'd a Miller,
Of late came by a purſe of Siller,
How it fell out I'll plainly tell you,
But would not wiſh the like befel you.
O poor horned Miller, O poor Miller O.

His wife a wanton worthleſs jad,
Muſt frolick with another Lad,
And when the Miller watch'd his Mill,
This ſpark he did his place fulfil,
O poor horn'd Miller, O poor Miller O.

This young Man had been about,
Among ſome cuſtomers no doubt,
For Money his accounts to pay,
About the Term of Whitſunday.
O poor horn'd Miller, O poor Miller O.

O why did he begin a Strife,
Why meddled with the Miller's Wife,
But I believe he ruſe't ſinſyne,
He loſt his Watch and all his Coin.

The Miller came home to his Wife,
whom he ador'd as his own Life,
And loath to wake her from her ſleep,
In at the Window he did creep.
O kind and loving Miller, O kind Miller O.

But Oh! this ſpark was in the Bed,
Which made the Miller's Wife afraid,
And waking then out of her ſleep,
She terribly began to ſhriek,
Which ſadly griev'd the honeſt Miller, O kind Miller

My dear ſaid he what is the matter,
I'll die quoth ſhe if I'm no better,
I'm with a Cholic ſadly ſeiz'd,
A dram of Gin perhaps will eas'd,
Woes me quoth the Miller, O poor Miller O.

Said he, there's Brandy in the Houſe,
But Oh! ſad ſhe, that's of no uſe
If you regard my Life a Pin,
Run to *Stockbridge* and fetch ſome Gin,
O poor blinded Miller, O poor Miller O.

The Miller then had off his Cloaths,
To ſeek his Breeches ſtraight he goes,
He got the Spark's and put them on,
Not knowing but they were his own,
But O lucky for the Miller, O fortunate Miller O.

Streight to the Ale-wife's Houſe he ran,
And cries get up get me a Dram,
My wife is of a Cholic bad,
The beſt of Gin that can be had.
O kind honeſt Miller, O kind honeſt Miller O.

He ſearch'd his pouch to pay the Dram,
Where plenty of Money there he fand,
The Ale wife ſaid you are in hand,
Which put the Miller to a ſtand.
O poor ſurprized Miller, O poor Miller O.

He ſearch'd the other Pocket then,
In it a Purſe of Gold he fand,
With ſome bank notes there was beſide,
I am enchanted then he cry'd.
O poor miſtaken Miller, O poor Miller O.

How

How came I by this he did ſay,
With that he ſpy'd a Watch's key,
A Watch he got ſays all's not right,
Some Man's been with my Wife this Night.
O poor horned Miller, O poor Miller O.

He thought of this and Home he came,
And gave his Wife a hearty Dram,
He ſaid Love ſince I went away,
Has any one been here I pray,
O poor jealous Miller, O poor Miller O.

Not one ſince ye went to the Mill,
That has been here but juſt myſel,
A young Man was this afternoon,
But you was here and ſaw him gone,
O poor jealous Miller, O poor Miller O.

Said he you're certainly a Liar,
Or what way came this Breeches here,
This is that fellows Breeks I know,
So after him you Strumpet go.
O poor horned Miller, O poor Miller O.

The Miller's Rant, for his New Well-lined Breeches: Or his Reply.

To the Tune of, The Duſty Miller.

COME you Nighbour Millers, I'll tell you a Story,
What has happen'd me, and has bred all this Hurry,
A Gentleman but young, came to view my Dwelling,
He knows well my Wife, but I know not his Calling,
O my bonny Breeks, O my bonny Siller,
If I loſe my Wife I'll get another.

He heard me tell my wife this night I'd not come till her
Go to your bed, my dear, rest quiet without your miller,
My Eyes grew stiff with Dust early in the Morning,
Little did I know who was me a horning.
O my bonny Breeks, &c.

I luckily went Home, scratching at my Head,
Had I known the Intrigue, you'd have made more speed,
To rap at my Door, would have made such a Din,
Through a Hole I slouched, if I had catch'd the Loon.
O my bonny Breeks, &c.

My wag tail Wife she cry'd, O my Dear I'm gone,
With a deadly Cholic, O fy get me some Gin.
There's in my House good Brandy, will ye take a Glass.
O no! my Dear, I am in great Distress.
O my bonny Breeks, &c.

I in my Shirt was standing, for to jump in Bed,
I threw my Cloaths upon me, with all the Speed I had;
I knock'd up the Woman for to let me in,
And cry'd my Wife is dying, O come give me Gin.
O my bonny Breeks, &c.

Six Shilling I drew out instead of Halfpennies,
Who Deel's giv'n me this Siller, my Face got in a Bleeze,
My bonny Breeks I view'd, Cow's Eye, String, and Key,
My Gold and all my Siller, how it fitted me.
O my bonny Breeks, &c.

Home the Miller steared, hurried with the Fright,
Seeking for his Breeks, although there was no Light.
His Wife lay full snug, a wetting of her Cheeks,
Well she knew the Matter of searching for the Breeks.
O my bonny Breeks, &c.

She tasted of the Gin, her Pains away they went,
And looked to her Husband, with her Eyes a squint,

He

He cry'd a dreadful Story, ſhe ſwore be ye content,
Hold you what you have got, no Reaſon to repent.
O my bonny Breeks, &c.

They live near this City, the Miller gains his Bread,
O but he is vexed with the Horns on his Head;
He's now poſſeſt with Money, Gold and Silver Store,
Breeches, Watch, and Notes, a Miller needs no more.
O my bonny Breeches, Gold and Silver Store,
I'll yet live with the Jade, if ſhe does the like no more.

The Miller's wanton Wife.

AN honeſt Miller had a Wife,
Who liv'd a merry wanton life;
The Miller unto her did ſay,
I go to watch the Mill till day.
With my Ruſel Du, Ruſel Deary,
Ruſel dy we'll be merry.

The Wife ſhe made no more ado,
But ſet her Mill a working too,
She chus'd a clever wanton Spark,
Could fix his——in the dark.
With my Ruſel du, &c.

He fill'd the Hopper in a Haſte,
The——were in their Order plac'd,
The Water ſtout, the Corn was free,
The Miller's Wife lives wantonly.
With my Ruſel du, &c.

The Miller he came Home 'tis ſaid,
Threw off his Cloaths to go to Bed;
The Wife who knew it would prove ſhame,
Cried out the Cholick's in my wame.
With my Ruſel du, &c.

The Miller made no more to do,
Put on the Breeks his Hand came to,
Ran to a Shop to get a Dram,
Threw out his Pence by Rule of Hand.
With my Ruſel du, &c.

The Ale-wife cried ye Rogue of Millers,
Inſtead of Pence you give me Shillings,
The Miller on his Breeks did gaze,
Where he found a Golden Prize.
With my Ruſel du, &c.

The Miller he in Haſte went Home,
The Neſt was there the Bird was flown,
He is well content upon the morn,
To wear the Breeks as well's the Horns.
With my Ruſel du, &c.

The Miller he ſat down to drink,
Says he, my Wife I freely think,
Will gain more by her Mill i deed,
Than I'll do by my Miller Trade.
With my Ruſel du, &c.

Says the Goodman, you're full of Clatter,
Ye had no mair but gather'd Water,
When full flood came, I thought no Ill.
For to apply my Water-mill.
With my Ruſel du, &c.

My Miller was a clever Spark,
He laid his——into the dark,
He borrowed nothing out the h——,
What need you make ſuch clitter clatter
With my Ruſel du, &c.

I am well content, quoth Hab the Miller,
The Breeks is mine and a' the Siller,

Says

Says she, Goodman ye got the Pelf,
Ye may go drink my Miller's Health.
With my Ruſel du, &c.

My Miller's gone with Buttocks Bare
He has no Breeks to hide his Ware;
He's left the Mouter unto me,
The Breeks and Golden Prize to thee,
With my Ruſel du, &c.

To drink his Health the Miller's bent,
The Miller's Wife was well content;
He drank his Health with Cap in Hand,
Says now my Wife's at your Command.
With my Ruſel du, ruſel derry,
Ruſel dy we'll be merry.

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